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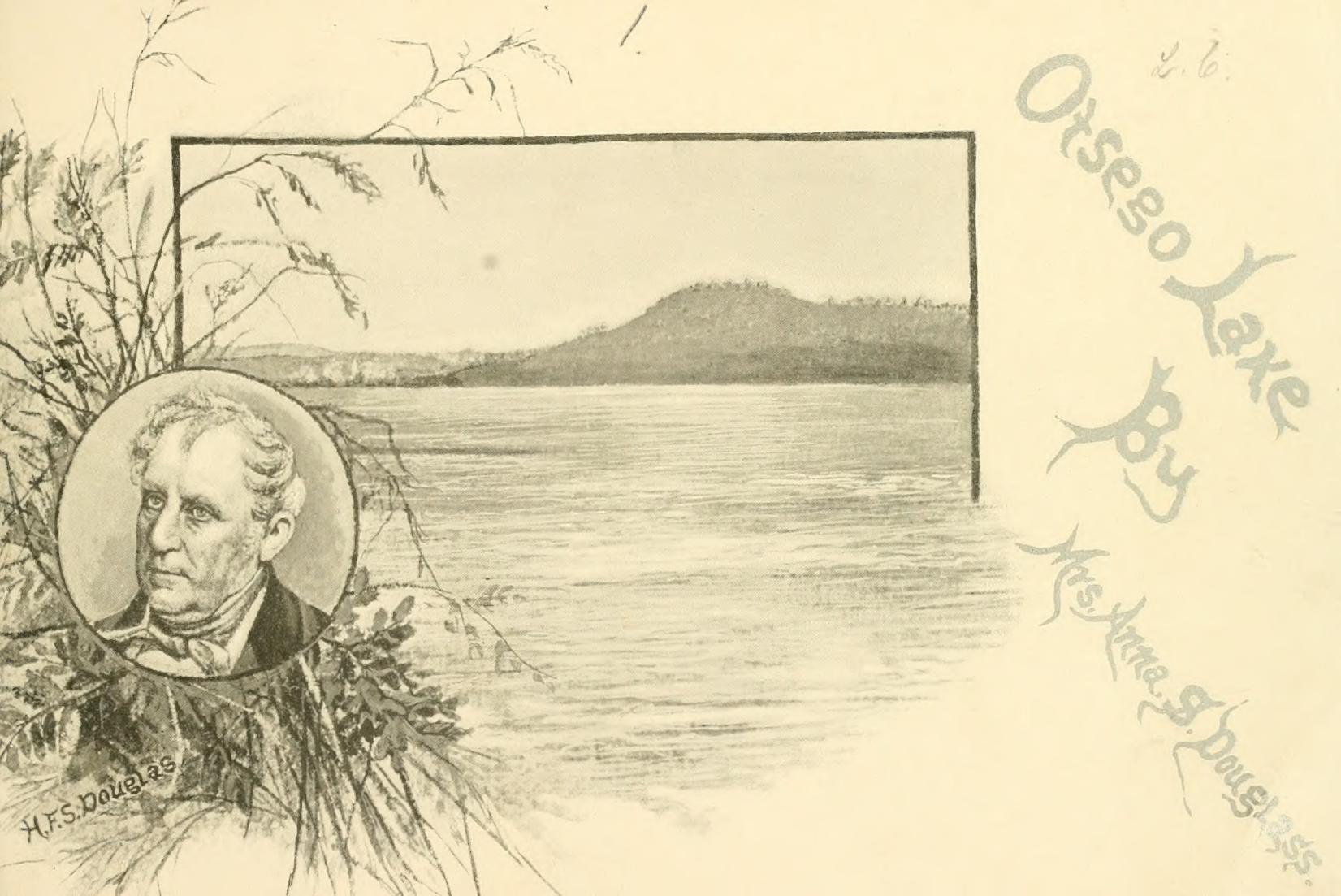
Otsego Lake
By
Mrs. Anna P. Douglass.
H.F.S. Douglas

OTSEGO LAKE,

BY

MRS. ANNA S. DOUGLASS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

MRS. HARRIET F. S. DOUGLAS.

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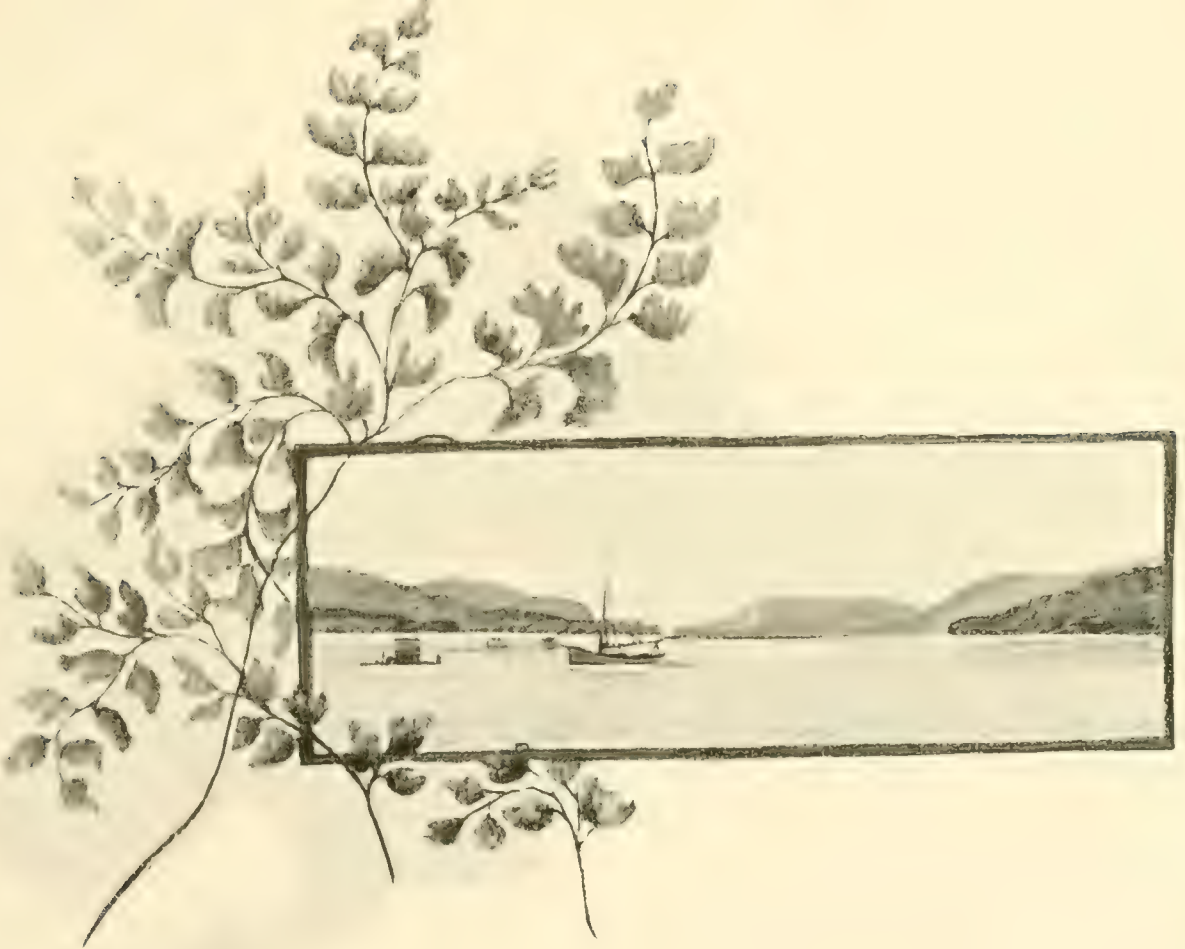
OTSEGO LAKE.

All hail! fair Otsego, thou beautiful lake,
With thy green wooded slopes fringed with fern and wild brake,



And Wellington Mountain towering so high,
Stands poised like an eagle, close to the sky;
Yea, he stands like a monarch in royal array
Where the sunlight comes up to the rim of the day,
Casting bright splendor all over thy face
Till it ripples and dimples with exquisite grace;

Then the gold of the sun and the wood's emerald green,
Harmoniously blend with thine own silver sheen;
And at night, when the moonlight peeps out from the cloud,
Each star is reflected, each leaf is endowed
With thy magical beauty, thy fairy-like charm,
While each wave lies asleep on thy bosom so calm.

H.F.S.D.

Then the Cooperstown spires reflect in thy blue
And the fleecy white clouds, and the diamonds of dew
Which embroider thy banks like the robe of a queen,
Setting here a pearl dew-drop and there a moonbeam
With such delicate skill that Rembrandt might pine
To be able to picture such beauty as thine.

Not Afton's sweet waters, nor Elgin nor Ayr,
Nor Burns' bonny Doon can with thee compare;
And Byron may sing in his praise of the Rhine
There are classical beauties which only are thine,
For Cooper has made thee immortal, we know,
As he told of thy charms of the long, long ago.

So we'll echo the song of thy praises again
Till woodland and mountain, and valley and glen,
Shall join in the anthem, shall swell the refrain,
While the winds bear it back to thy bosom again;
To dash up the waters in white-caps and roar,
Like the sound of the sea on thy wave-beaten shore.

The Indian has vanished, the panther is slain,
But the arrows which Vulcan once mended remain,
And Cupid now shoots them, all tipped with bright gold.
He is heedless, and reckless, and daring, and bold,
And the "Hetties" and "Judiths" who visit thy shore,
In the *dearslayer's* track will be found by the score.

There's a brave Natty Bumpo still frequents the place.
Transformed like a fairy he kisses thy face,
And carries sweet maidens, rocked safe in his arms,
O'er thy moon-glinted waves where the pickerel swarms,
Till maiden and fish are caught in the snare.
Then—Eden is thought to be located there!

And the smooth satin ray from fair "Glimmerglass" shines
Like a ribbon of gold up through the dark pines.

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